

# THE OMEN

FREE SPEECH SINCE 1992

When you look at this picture, you think,  
"They're dogs, and they're playing poker."  
But that's not all that's happening here.  
**Take a closer look...**



HE CAN'T HELP THAT HE'S A GOOD POKER PLAYER.  
IS IT BECAUSE OF THE COLOR OF HIS FUR?  
IS IT BECAUSE HE DOESN'T USE A FLEA COLLAR?  
NO. IT'S BECAUSE HE HAS FUR OF A KIND,  
AND THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN DO ABOUT IT.

**THE OMEN:**  
**CHEAT TO WIN**







# CONTENTS

To Write, And Write Again	3	Screamin' Steven	15
Tear Down The Wall!	4	The Last Die Roll	16
Letter To The Demonstrators in FPH	5	Dire Squirrel	16
Death To The Extremist	6	Rosie's Been Thinking Again	17
Article from a White Community Member	7	Spring Sprung, Yes?	18
Div 3 Student Loses Button...	8	2002: The Death Toll Rises	19
Toe-Jammin'	9	Omen Road Report, part 2	20
Beth Was an Awful Child	10	Haiku Yo' Momma	23
The Transformers: Beta 1	12	Drink Yourself Silly Word Search	23
Saying "I Love You"	14	Crossword	24

## omen

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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by Michael Benni Pierce  
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## to submit

Submissions are due Fridays before noon. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: **Merrill B007, Box 853, x5303**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to [ajm99@hampshire.edu](mailto:ajm99@hampshire.edu). Finally, you may also drop documents in \\London1888\inbox\$ on the PC Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

I know I haven't had an erection since yesterday.

Quote attributed to Michael Benni Pierce

## TO WRITE, AND WRITE AGAIN

an editorial



When I took over as editor, I sort of promised myself that I wouldn't talk about the *Omen* at length in my editorials. The *Omen* doesn't need to be any more self-referential. But at *Omen* meetings and layout sessions, we've been puzzling over the fact that the *Omen* has seen a general decrease in activity this semester. Layout and meetings have been sparsely-attended, and submissions from regular contributors have been down. This isn't a major crisis, but it's clear that something has changed. I don't mean to alarm anyone, but the *Omen* is in a period of transition.

About a year ago, the then-staff of the *Omen* was discussing the campus' perception of the *Omen* as a clique. (It's true that many of the writers were friends, but it was hardly an exclusive group.) The theory was, if people could be freed of this notion, the *Omen* would get submissions from more people. With that in mind, the *Omen* staff decided to change the policy. Before, anyone who wrote three articles in a row became a staff member pretty much automatically. It was decided that there would no longer be a permanent staff; the "staff" for a given issue should consist of whoever showed up to layout. To reward writers for contributing regularly, the designation "columnist" (as opposed to "contributor") would denote a three-time writer. All this should probably be written down somewhere.

This was a significant change to the *Omen*'s policies, and you know how much college students hate change, but we went with it. Since then, I have noticed an increase in submissions, although it's hard to say if the elimination of the staff influenced this. The problem is, I've noticed a gradual drop in submissions by columnists. This is normal - time constraints and lack of interest have always drawn away *Omen* writers - but usually, there have

been plenty of new writers to balance that out.

So this semester we've had fewer regular writers but more submissions from non-columnists. That's good, and that's the whole point of the *Omen* - people can write when they've got something to say without having to commit to writing again. But it's important to have regular content. I think people will be more likely to come across something by a new writer if there's already a regular column they like.

Eliminating the staff, then, was a bit of a double-edged sword. While the image of the *Omen* as an exclusive clique may have faded a bit, the recognition given to regular writers has been greatly reduced. Before, and I know this sounds silly, the idea of being listed as "staff" was quite a draw for me. I suspect others felt the same way: my first year, it seems like everyone who wrote for the *Omen* ended up on the staff. But then, we didn't have too many submissions from other people.

So that's what we've been talking about at our *Omen* meetings. (There are other factors that go into all this, such as the fact that the *Omen* hasn't really gotten people riled up lately; that usually got people writing in the past, but I'd like to avoid that.) The bottom line is, how can we motivate people to write regularly without seeming exclusionist? How can we encourage intermittent submissions without devaluing the efforts of the hard-working folks who write issue after issue? Hell if I know. If you've got any ideas, e-mail me at [ajm99@hampshire.edu](mailto:ajm99@hampshire.edu).

Oh, by the way, if you write regularly for the *Omen*, you can use that as community service for your Div II. Pretty sweet, eh?

## policy

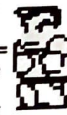
The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



by Michael Zole, editor-in-chief

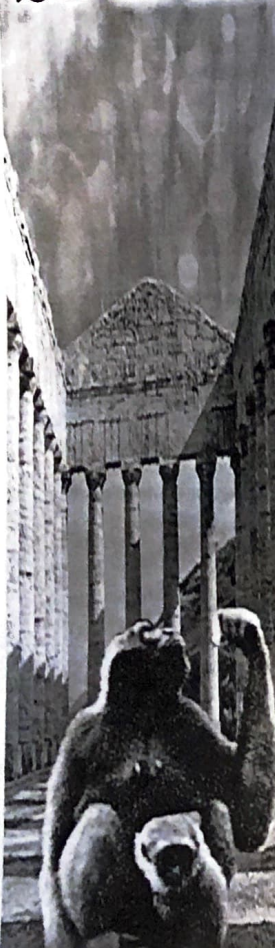


26 April, 2002

3



# SENIOR SPEAK



News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.

## TEAR DOWN THE WALL!

I'm sure that by now most people on campus have heard about the situation involving the wall between the Merrill and Dakin house offices, as there was a front page article on the subject in the last issue of the *Forward*. In case you're still in the dark, the basic idea is that there is this divisive wall between the Merrill and Dakin house offices, and most people (this is my impression) would like to see it taken down. The difference is that students want it down now, and the administration later, after the decision has gone through all the official, bureaucratic channels. This has frustrated many students, a few of whom already took upon themselves the task of tearing it down. They got some of it down, only to have it immediately rebuilt, a waste of valuable time, energy, and money.

In this article, I want to briefly outline some of the major concerns the administration has (or at least what I perceive they have), and then present my views as a counter to these, with the hope that all involved parties resolve this conflict soon and in a healthy fashion.

The first concern of the administrations is understandable — whenever a change is implemented on this campus, they want to be on top of it, and see that it's done right. There is a board of trustees who vote on various issues, and other schemes are employed to ensure that everyone with a vested interest in Hampshire (and it's image) is kept abreast of what's going on. While understandable, this process creates

a lot of red tape, thus expanding the time it takes to see real, visible changes happen. Now while I understand that the question remains as to how to use and develop the space once the fence has been taken down, I don't really see any questioning of the fact that it should be taken down. Therefore, if everyone, the administration included, wants to take down the fence, then why not now rather than later? We don't need a fancy architectural arrangement to enjoy that space, we just need the space, and once it becomes available, it will be utilized, in whatever way people see fit.

Another concern of the administration is the fact that there is a bit of a sudden drop (a few feet or so) between the one side of the fence and the other, and so if it's taken down, there's this shelf that people could potentially trip over/fall off. Another concern is that it is not up to code in terms of accommodations for people with disabilities. My problems with these two concerns is: one, anything in life can be dangerous, and it's impossible to safeguard against everything (there's a much larger drop on the hill right behind Dakin K, but there are no safety precautions surrounding that). Ultimately we need to abide in the wisdom of insecurity (as Alan Watts describes it), and (2), I don't think that a few feet of earth is as much of a concern for a person with disabilities as the fact that the dorms are still not wheelchair accessible, let alone other facilities on

continued on page 6

by Chris Fletcher, contributor

## LETTER TO THE DEMONSTRATORS IN FPH

To the demonstrators in FPH on Monday, April 15th:

We are several disconcerted Hampshire students upset by the recent actions taken by a group of our peers.

For those of you who are unaware, Monday, a group of students wearing white and passing out handouts disrupted classes in FPH. This letter is directed to the entire community, but specifically to the students who participated in this disrespectful act, complete with banging cans and singing.

The day before your display, Mount Holyoke College was host to a Student Panel Discussion which addressed the following questions: "How are the existences of Palestine and Israel dealt with, both in the region and in the United States? What, other than dialogue, can students do? What drives the current climate of violence? Can peace or solidarity movements be successful?" Posters for this panel were placed all across campus for well over a week before the event. When an appropriate forum for dialogue is presented (with ample notice), and is ignored, it saddens us; your voices would have been welcomed. We respect your right to voice your opinion on the current situation in the Middle East. However, you did so in a disrespectful manner when you entered the classrooms in FPH on April 15th. While disregarding the concept of asking for permission from professors, you proceeded to interrupt the current lessons and discussions by walking into rooms uninvited and

drawing the attention of students' away from classes. While we recognize that you were also outside of the Library and Saga, your actions in FPH were unacceptable.

Your demonstration perpetuated a grave misrepresentation of the community at large on Visiting Day. What image of the campus and classes did your display provide for prospective students? Prospective students who attended classes on this day went home with the misconception that Hampshire classrooms can be disrupted at any time for any reason. Thanks to your actions the continuity of classes in progress was lost. This offered a poor representation of the value we place on community respect and in-class time. Your actions gave the impression that Hampshire students don't respect their education or their professors' time, both of which are untrue.

We are calling for an apology to the community from all parties involved with this demonstration. We are not asking you to apologize for sharing your opinions with the community. We are merely requesting that you apologize to both the professors and students whose classes were interrupted. Your message would have been communicated just as effectively, if not more so, had you waited outside of FPH for classes to end.

We would like to draw your attention to a rather appropriate statement that was printed on the MHC Panel Discussion flyer: *Our goal is not just to acquire new information but to process the experiences of meaning. Our*

*purpose is not to debate who is right or wrong but rather to open our minds to the possibilities of other logic, other conclusions and other experiences. We are most interested in how to listen to each other, how to remember that what we share is greater than what keeps us apart, and to remember that the problems in the Middle East magnify the fragility of peace everywhere.*

Signed,

Jill Pollack  
Maia Simon  
Alizah David  
Nicole Shannon-Lass  
Erica Wollmering  
Thomas Gibson  
Jennifer Jackson  
Alexandria Straaik  
Lloyd Wise  
Andrew Yonkins  
Phoebus Widjaja  
Michael Bumpars  
Jamie Citron  
Derek Yorks  
Eric LeShay  
Evan Young  
Mitchell Kase  
Renee Kinchla  
Christina Antolini  
Gregory Vershbow  
Nicole Robare  
Sasha Horwitz  
Alicia Morrison  
Rye Zemelsm  
Michaela Hamill  
Julia Botero  
Elizabeth Lessey  
Seth Jensen  
Olivia Gradess  
Candace Brendler  
Stephanie Brendler  
Talia Schwartz  
Dominic David  
Rachael Abed





# DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXXII

by M. Zole

www.zole.org

background by  
Christine Fernsebner Eslao

ONCE I POP, I  
BECOME POSSESSED  
WITH A FIERY  
RAGE AND AM  
UNABLE TO STOP.

1

2

ONCE I POP, I  
BECOME POSSESSED  
WITH A FIERY  
RAGE AND AM  
UNABLE TO STOP.

1

2

WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO READ  
MY NOVEL?

OK.

1

2

I HAVE READ YOUR  
NOVEL, CORRECTED  
SPELLING.

1

2

I HAVE SPILLED  
TEA ON YOUR  
NOVEL (SORRY).

'SOK.

1

2

WHAT YOUR NOVEL  
NEEDS, IN A  
WORD: CHUTZPAH.

YEAH.

1

2

ALSO: PUBLIC  
TRANSPORTATION.

I SEE.

1

2

NO PITY ON THE  
LYRICALLY WEAK.

YOU KNOW IT.

1

2

continued from page 4

campus.

And about the question of finding a home for the Bocce sign – it's already at home; we're not talking about some huge construction effort on some distant part of campus. All I'm asking is why can't the sign simply be moved over a few feet to the right and placed onto

the wall of the Merrill house office? Or attached to a stake driven into the ground? Simple solutions to a simple problem.

This dialogue needs to be continued, and not just about the wall mind you. Questions need to be raised concerning the amount of control students have in regulating and modifying

the environment they live in. This is our home while we are here; it is a part of us. We want the campus environment to reflect who we are as people, and there needs to be the space and freedom to allow us to do so.



## TEAR DOWN THE WALL!

## ARTICLE FROM A WHITE COMMUNITY MEMBER

by Dorian Gittleman (potential racist/realist), columnist

If no one has had the balls to condemn the actions of the SoURCE protestors on Accepted Students day, let me be the first to do so. I openly protest their choice of tactics as inflammatory, intimidating, and impractical. What did they accomplish? They scared the accepted students and gave them the wrong impression of Hampshire. They made it difficult for admissions tour leaders, who had to explain what was going on because the accepted students didn't have a clue. And when those accepted students don't go here, we'll have SoURCE to thank for it.

Whatever SoURCE hoped to accomplish, they failed. When I spoke with people who had seen the protest, none of them could even explain to me what was protested. I'm all for protesting racism, but I'm definitely not for surrounding Greg Prince and interrupting proceedings. There's a good way and a bad way to get something done around here. It's not like the administration's not willing to listen to SoURCE's issues. They caved in during the housing crisis. SoURCE has proven that they can get what they want. But these methods of intimidation are scary. They're SCARY. As in, instilling fear. What has the administration and the student body as a whole done to deserve this kind of treatment?

I say it again. I condemn SoURCE. While the rest of the community is expected to act with the utmost sensitivity towards them, they don't show one iota of respect towards the honestly apologetic white dominated campus. I'm sorry. Is

the campus too apathetic for SoURCE tastes? There's nothing I can do about that. I used to be apathetic. Now I'm getting down off that "whogivesafuck" horse and mounting instead, the rotten fruit covered "white does not equal racist" mule.

I found the recent housing situation to be a prime example of some SoURCE and students of color having no respect for other students on the campus.

I acknowledge students of color's right to special interest housing. I don't feel there should be a need for it. If students of

color on campus are so scared and oppressed by the campus as a whole that they need special housing, then this campus is seriously fucked up. But hey, if students of color are that intimidated, let them have their housing. I don't give a shit. But the fact is that no other student on this campus got their home guaranteed. And please don't tell me that people of color are the only ones with the right to a home. That would be awfully discriminatory, don't you think?

So students of color mods remained in their specific mods. They were already guaranteed a safe space on campus, but now there will be that one specific place for the rest of time. Congratulations. Why they so special? Why just them? I had to watch people who lost their mods crying in the RCC. White people got feelings too. Hate to

be the first one to tell you. And maybe white people don't have the proper history of getting their feelings hurt for it to count, but I think it does. If some students get their housing guaranteed, I think everyone should. Fuck you to people who don't want everyone treated equally.

There have been several incidents over the past month especially, of students of color intimidating and discriminating

against caucasians. One incident was of a person whose name I will not mention, a caucasian, being kicked out of a SoURCE meeting because

of their color. This strikes me as blatant discrimination, and I'm not even sure that the actions taken at the meeting were legal, because student groups, including SoURCE groups, are required to be open to everyone, according to Ficom bylaws.

But regardless of the legality of the actions taken by the people at the SoURCE meeting, I felt their actions were wrong. Anyone showing interest or support towards SoURCE should be allowed entrance to their meetings.

If all it takes is skin color to make one person scared of another, I don't care what color the scared one is. They too must make an effort to move beyond their prejudices.

I am angry. I am not racist. But I am angry.

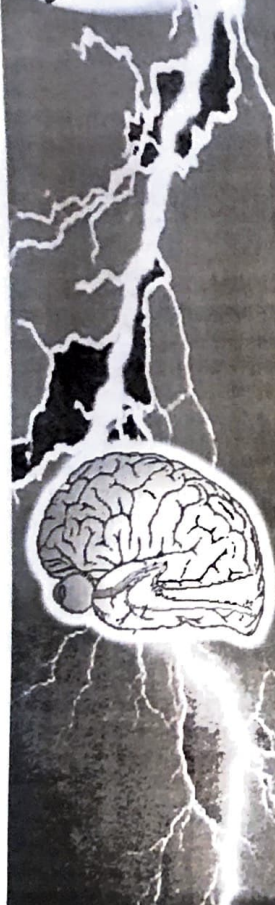


26 April, 2002

7



# SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,  
SATIRE, AND  
OTHER STUFF

## DIV 3 STUDENT LOSES BUTTON, RETAKES DIV 2.

Joseph Ridgeman (S98) awoke in a puddle of someone else's vomit Saturday morning. He drunk the previous night away at an open invitation Enfield party where "little Pete" was the guest of honor. Ridgeman was undressed or "wearing some shit [he] didn't own," when he was found that morning by one of the residents of the mod. That person, Second year Jane Clarke, was reported saying "I can't say I was surprised to see another hippie sleeping on my floor, but I did wonder where his clothes were."

Pieced together, it seems that once Ridgeman started drinking he struck up a conversation with an attractive Smith girl. She in turn introduced him to a straight friend with whom he ended up sleeping that night. After the rabid nocturnal cunnilingus, Ridgeman rolled over and fell asleep while the unnamed co-ed gathered her clothes. She mistakenly picked up his trench coat as she rushed to the Johnson Library Center bus stop sometime before 2:00 when Five college busses stop running.

Apparently Ridgeman had been wearing his Div III button on the trench coat's lapel. Since he has no recollection of the girls name, the button has been deemed "...fucking lost forever, Man!"

Ridgeman ran to Central Records immediately that Monday morning when they opened. He explained his situation several times before the office ventured to tell him the unfortunate news. Under a new policy that slipped by as part of the new 'simplified' Div plan, a completed portfolio no longer effects a student's Division

status. To simplify the Div system, Hampshire College now relies solely on Div Pins. Therefore a Div 3 student is only official if

he or she wears a button, and can only acquire a button by passing Div 2.

The central records clerk explained that under the new plan Joseph Ridgeman would either have to find his coat or once again pass Division 2. Ridgeman was quoted saying "Now I'm cold and here for another coupla years. Fuckin' hegemony."



by Sasha Horwitz, columnist

# toe-jammin'

Writing papers seems oh-so-foolish in the face of Genesis emulation. Sure, images of the Crucifixion did become increasingly violent in the Middle Ages.

But damnit, there's more to life than bein' nailed to cross.

Show'em what-for, Toejam

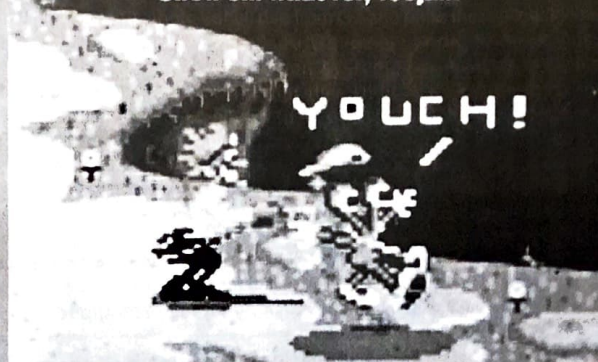
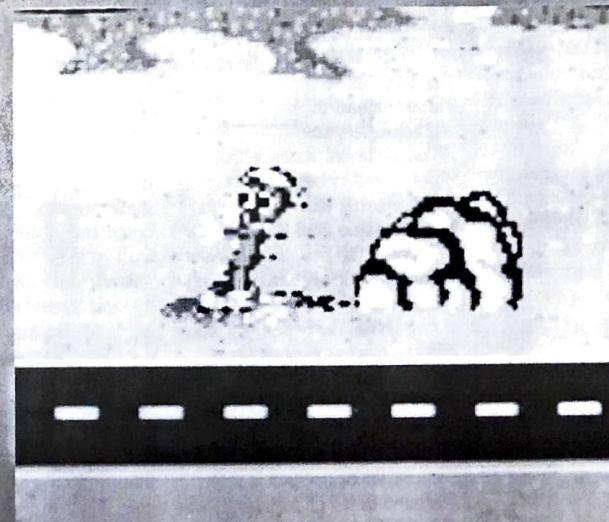


Figure a.) above shows our red tripod friend ecstatic about his MMO finally payin' off. Not even Charlie Sheen has it this good.



Whooooaaaaa doggy! Watch out for Cap'n superfly in Figure b.) Are those rocket skates on your feet, or are you just happy to see me?

by Aaron Buschbaum, columnist



## BETH WAS AN AWFUL CHILD

I was a very strong-willed child. It wasn't that I was spoiled or anything, I just enjoyed being a pain in everyone's butt. Maybe I was just bored, but often I did things just to see what would happen or whether I would get away with it.

I used to be something of a bully. I especially remember being so in kindergarten, where I would be taken out of whatever station I was supposed to be at, told to apologize to whoever I had hit or taken something from, and then had to sit by myself

at a table for a time out. At summer camp I was always especially bitter, because they would group us by age instead of grade often, so

I was always stuck with kids I perceived to be younger. So I was mean to them. For example, in the game Red Rover I would squeeze the people I was near's hands especially hard so it would hurt, and then when I would run I would run really fast so I would hurt whatever people's arms.

Summer camp is a whole story in of itself. At my first camp I would run around the room acting crazy until my ill-fitting shorts fell off and would then run around in my underwear. I was 5 or 6 at the time. During swimming lessons, I would purposefully get in trouble so I would be sent to the big steps going into the pool. Hanging around the steps was much more fun than

lessons because I could do whatever I wanted. I also didn't have to go underwater, which at the time I was terrified to do. At one camp I especially liked the camp director, and thus didn't mind getting sent to him as often as I did. I guess I just wanted attention that wasn't yelling at me, and he always told me what I was doing wrong but in a nice way.

The only time I have ever gotten sent to the principal's office was when I was in first grade. We were cutting

**I also stole toys from my church, especially all their toy horses and other animals. I was really into horses at the time.**

and pasting things that were yellow and spelling the word yellow in our composition books. I decided that that was

boring, that I had already learned my colors in kindergarten, and that there was nothing new they could teach me in first grade. So I refused to do what I was asked to do or anything else, and instead threw quite the yelling angry fit. So they went and got my older brother (who despite how awful he was to me I would do anything for) who took me to see the principal. I don't remember what happened after that, and no one has ever told me. They probably called my parents. From then on, often when I got bored of doing whatever we were doing in class, I would pretend to be sick and go to the nurses office. There she would usually just tell me

to lay down for awhile, which I would happily do. However, my mom would sometimes volunteer when the school nurse couldn't make it, so I always had to be careful.

In second grade I just stopped doing whatever work when I found it boring. I don't know what I did instead. I would just shove my incomplete assignments into the back of my desk, because it didn't really matter if I turned them in, my teacher would just write a big red INC on them for incomplete. My 2nd grade math book is a collection of the various ways my teacher would write INC. The only thing I was pretty good about getting done were my reading assignments because I found

them pretty interesting, but I would always get them done before a lot of other people and thus "distract my peers" by talking to them. One time I was helping a new girl with our assignment, I got in trouble for talking, and had to move my desk to the back of the room where I believe I sat by myself at my own lonely little desk for at least the rest of the quarter. I had a habit of not doing my work, especially when I didn't particularly like my teacher. In fourth grade I spent more time sitting recess out due to my lack of homework than I did playing. I formed a good friendship with the wall.

I also liked to steal things a lot when I was a kid. I stole things from stores, anything small object (this was before the magnetic alarms). I especially liked to steal these small fuzzy animals that were in the shapes of bears and bunnies. I also stole toys from my church, especially all their toy horses and other animals. I was really into horses at the time.

My church had a daycare that had practically taken over the children's Sunday school portion of the building. So the rooms were full of toys that we were not allowed to play with. When you're a kid, you don't understand this, and you become very bitter about this. I used to do little things to sabotage

the daycare area, besides my small stealing. One time I microwaved some plastic toys in their microwave, and another time I scribbled with a blue marker on some yellow construction paper butterfly cut-outs the teacher had left out for her class to do in the coming week. Apparently the teacher got especially upset about that and I remember my dad talking about it to my mom because the church had gotten yelled at, but no one knew it was me.

I had this huge love-hate thing going on with my brother. I worshiped him, but he would do awful things to me all the time. I didn't like playing with girls, I thought they sucked and dolls were too boring. So I would play with boys and my brother's friends, because they would do cool things like build forts in the woods and pull the wings off of cicadas. Once my brother talked me into letting him give me a "boy's haircut." My mother walked in before it got well underway, but I had a bit of a mullet for a little while. My brother would also invent games in which we would beat each other up (or more like him beat me up). We would play one game where we were different kinds of sharks with appropriate special abilities, and then beat each other up using our special abilities. I was easily duped by him, and he talked me into getting our parents to switch our rooms for the price of a Jolly Rancher (I originally had the bigger room). I did get angry at him sometimes, and once I took all his Matchbox cars and smashed them with a hammer. I remember it as being lots of fun.



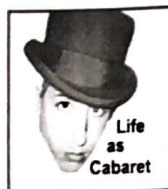
Beth, all grown up, but still evil

by Beth Day, columnist









## SAYING "I LOVE YOU"

I was getting close to six A.M. when she got home. The sun was peeking out from behind the pine forest, those fucking birds were chirping sweetly, and yep, her modmates were still awake.

"What's up guys?"

"Real World vs. Road Rules Marathon! Six teams battling it out for \$300,000! And there's a guy in your room."

"Nice. Good night guys."

"Good morning Laura."

She walked slowly up to her mod, processing the possibility of a guy in her room. Weirder things had happened, but not since she officially declared herself off the market, stopped getting drunk at parties, and began limiting her possible locations to her room and the airport lounge. Which was where she'd been for the past eight hours. She closed her eyes and saw checkered orange. Gross.

The door was closed, the light was on. Chances were lookin' good on a guy. She opened the door.

"You took my philosophy book."

"So you decided to take my room?"

"I needed my philosophy book. You didn't need your room. My girlfriend took mine."

"Bitch." Laura grabbed her well worn copy of *Reviving Ophelia* off the floor. "You know, I was hoping to get to sleep at some point."

"Go right ahead," said Kevin,

not looking up.

"You're in my bed."

"You got a problem with that?"

"Not especially. Your girlfriend got a problem with that?"

"Not that she's aware of."

"Alright then." Laura chuckled the book on her dresser, turned on some Switchblade

Symphony, and started taking off her clothing. If Kevin was going to study, she

was going to sleep. And just because Kevin was here didn't mean she was going to sleep in her jeans.

Fingering a gold chain on her neck—the only thing she was wearing, Laura edged on to the bed, trying to appear nonchalant but still uber-conscious of her skin against Kevin's khakis. She turned on her side, (now her ass was touching his hip!) and closed her eyes. She vaguely remembered being in bed with Kevin. Her memories did not involved him dressed.

She lay there for maybe fifteen minutes, feeling every movement he made. She was wet and embarrassed about it. For an instant, she hated him. Until she felt his hand, running slowly up her thigh.

"What are you doing?" she whispered.

"Thinkin'."

"About?"

"Why the hell I'm reading a book when you're in bed, naked."

"Good question. Probably cause you need to study, I need to sleep, and we both have significant others?"

He moved, and now they were spooning. He was still tracing her side, up the curve of her stomach, carefully

avoiding her breasts. Laura felt his breath on her neck, and bit her lip. She wanted to turn around, wanted to kiss, bite,

respond. Instead, she just lay there, waiting to see what he did.

He only touched her. No pressure, no pinching, no real stimulation. One hand cupped her breast. She could barely feel him, but in all the times they'd been together, she'd never been this turned on. She'd never been this dependent.

"Talk to me. What do you want?" He spoke into her shoulders.

"I can't. This is you. This has nothing to do with me."

"It's all about you."

Finally she went to face him, searching his cold green eyes. "No. You bring me into this, it becomes about her. It becomes about the three of us. This is just you. It's masturbating into someone."

"Turn around."

**He only touched her. No pressure. no pinching. no real stimulation.**

She turned around.

His arms reached around her. His fingers spread her legs, and slipped inside, rubbing roughly against her clit. His uncultured boy nails hurt the tender skin, just the way she liked it. He pushed her on to her stomach, and she closed her eyes.

She heard, rather than saw, his shirt come off. She heard the zipper of his pants, his clothing strewn on the floor. She felt his lips running down her back, his tongue at the base of her spine. He licked at the crack of her ass, not spreading her yet, just tasting the goosebumped skin. She spread her legs farther apart, but he didn't put his mouth on her pussy. He covered his fingers in her wetness, lubricating them, and then shoved one, without ceremony, into her ass. It took all her will not to scream, and not because it hurt.

He fucked her ass with his fingers for awhile, watching her squirm. When he added a second finger, she spoke. "There's lubricant on the dresser."

He got up, grabbed the bottle of liquid silk, put some on his fingers, and put them

back up her ass. Stretching her. Getting her ready for his cock. He put a pillow underneath her, propping up her ass, and leaned down over her, practically chewing on her neck. There would be large angry marks tomorrow, Laura knew. There would be no one to explain them to.

Plastic was being ripped, a condom. Kevin applied silk to his cock first, then put on the condom. More silk, a safe, water based lubricant, on the condom.

He rubbed his cock against her opening, letting her know he was there, teasing her. He pushed it in just a little, pulled out, and then shoved all the way in.

"Damn!" she yelled before she could even think.

She adjusted, she whimpered, she relaxed. Little moans kept escaping until he shoved his fingers in her mouth and she sucked on them.

He moved his cock in a steady rhythm. He did all the work and she lay there like an expensive doll. He worked in and out, wanting to inflict pain on her, wanting to make her feel what she was denying.

"You like this." It wasn't a question. She continued to lie there. His hands touched her everywhere but where she wanted to be touched. He ignored her cunt, her breasts. He braced himself on his elbows, and continued to fuck her hard. Every once in awhile, he added more lubricant to the tip of his cock. There was a difference between pain and cruelty. For the first time, Laura was grateful that Kevin's cock wasn't too big.

Before long, he came. His body shuddered and he collapsed against her back, kissing her sweat-salt skin. They stayed like that a few minutes before she shoved him off.

"Say hi to your girlfriend for me," she said as he began dressing. She reached for his hand. "I love you," she whispered.




"I know. Sleep well." And with that, he left.

As he shut the door, Laura covered herself with a sheet, and curled into a tight little ball. She was crying, although she didn't notice until she tasted salt on her lips. She couldn't feel anything. She was so empty.



## SCREAMIN' STEVEN

by Karl Moore

<p><b>Congratulations! You're Div Free!</b></p>  <p><b>ALUMNI RELATIONS</b></p>	<p><b>DIVE FREE?! FIDDLE-DEE-DEE!!! SHIT ON ME!!!</b></p>  <p><b>ALUMNI RELATIONS</b></p>	<p><b>It isn't <i>that</i> hard to find a job after you graduate, you know.</b></p>  <p><b>ALUMNI RELATIONS</b></p>
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# THE LAST DIE ROLL

For four years I have been at Hampshire. When I first came to this school, I waited quietly, sitting in the back corner of the back room at Saga with the few lost souls who would join me. Since then, I have conquered the middle room in the name of the geeks. An army of gamers gathered around me, as if I was a ninth level fighter.

I became the King of the Geeks. It was not a title I asked for. It was bestowed upon me by a wise Hampshire student, who has since gone on leave, never to return. Graduation now looms before me like a bag of holding, empty, vast, and eternal. From leave or field study there is the hope of return. Graduation is forever.

Though no one ever fully leaves Hampshire — save perhaps Joe, who has vowed to never set foot in this state again— my time as a student has ended. I am as the fifth level human warrior in second edition who decides to dual class as a wizard: there is no turning back. The third edition has remedied this problem, but that cannot help me. In a few short weeks, I shall ring the bell. Ask not for whom the bell tolls, Hampshire: it tolls for me.

There is a world after college, and it is horrible. Student loan payments, health insurance, and rent await me, along with a slew of random encounters, possibly including a fiendish dire frog with hypnotic eyes. Am I

prepared for such encounters? Has Hampshire provided me with the experience I need?

I am unsure. The amount of XP is often difficult to calculate, and the amount needed increases with each level.

Geeks, do not grieve, for soon I shall be one with the alumnus. Dan, it is to you, old

friend, that I must pass the crown of leadership, as it was passed to me. It will serve you well, as it provides a +2 to all spot checks and reflex saving throws. But one day, a geek shall rise from G2 and unite the various RPG's under a common system. Until that day. Until all are 1d20....



## DIRE SQUIRREL

by Mona Weiss



It's been a while since I've last written. Chalk it up to laziness, insanity, or the Plague. Every so often you hit a dry spell and that's what has happened to me. I can't think of anything particularly witty to write about and I feel like all of you have had plenty of Wrestlemania reports so I won't write about the trip.

Maybe I'll just write about these random thoughts I've been having. Yeah, that's what I'll do.

Do you ever wonder which Hampshire employees would have tattoos? I've given this considerable thought and I've come up with a couple of ideas.

Greg Prince: When I look at that man I think he's a tugboat tattoo across the chest. The tattoo is a symbol of his power and strength. Don't mess with Greg Prince, folks. You'll be sorry if you do.

Mike Ford: I feel that this man would be a little more discreet. He likes the fact that he has a tattoo but won't necessarily flaunt it. He likes things to be simple. I imagine him to have a tattoo on his left upper arm; not an image but a word, maybe something that means a lot to him or perhaps the name of his wife or one of his kids. That man is just classy all around.

Roberta: We all know Roberta, we all love Roberta. You just can't get around it, it's a fact of life. She's a pleasant mix of sweetheart and ballbuster that we all hope to aspire to one day...at least, I hope so. If I had to wager, I'd say that Roberta is the type to have a floral tattoo. She

# ROSIE'S BEEN THINKING AGAIN...

would have most likely gotten this tattoo in her early twenties, a sign of rebellion and a way to proclaim her femininity...or maybe I'm just pulling this out of my tuckus. The tattoo would be located at or around her hips, not too risqué, remember this is Roberta.

Lynn Miller: I've tried to think of a tattoo but let's face it, the man's enough of a badass. He doesn't need a tattoo.

Another thing I just can't help thinking about is the future. With all my friends primarily consisting of older students, most of which are graduating you can't help but wonder what's in store for yourself.

One night while alums Jacob Chabot, Wade Stuckwisch, and Mark Hugo were visiting we started talking about the future, in particular what Benni would do after he graduates. We all sort of figured that he would end up working for Phys. Plant or living downstairs in the studio/ basement with a cot nicely set up for himself. Then we realized he may not want that.

Then it hits us. The fact of the matter is, all the alums know is wrestling, some film and video stuff. But mainly wrestling. All the boys need a place to stay so we thought if they could find an abandoned fire house they could all live there. Now, through selling themselves, medical experiments, and going to sperm donation clinics the boys would make enough money to start their own wrestling federation. It would be rough at first.

They'll barely make enough to make ends meet. There will probably be talks of selling Wade in the Black Market for organs but in the end they would pull through. Little by little word would spread about this hot new wrestling federation and before you know it, the boys will be making some fairly decent scratch.

Of course, as the fed grows the need for more people will grow as well. Jeff, will probably drop out of Hampshire and join the males. I will finish Hampshire, go to medical school, realize that I've become addicted to my "pep pills" and can't finish med school will go to Mexico get a Ph.D in 4 weeks and then head over to New York and become the doctor for the fed. Since it would still be in its growing phases, we would all have to pull double duty and wrestle as well. Small price you have to pay, I suppose.

Soon we would realize that we have an underground following and we would start televising not only matches but our lives. Think of it as Tough Enough meets the Real World. You will watch as Mark will steal from our fed's petty cash in order to buy wings, booze, and porn. You will watch as Jeff and Benni get into a fight because Jeff beat Benni at "Just Bring It", a wrestling game for the Playstation 2. You will see Wade and I argue because he didn't nail that last frogsplash and because he

continued on page 16



# SPRING SPRUNG. YES? LIKE BULGE IN PANTS...



by Karl Moore, art by Andria L. Theocles, columnists

**H**ello Hampshire! Is beautiful spring and is beautiful time for your Rocco Siffredi. Is lots of nasty beautiful girls running around, but some of you need working, so I am present two quotes from me for inspire you.

"I like everything I do. I'm not bisex, nor do I like animals nor anything strange. When the girl is passionate, I love it. But I also enjoy doing some S&M. But I'm very real, if I had to pretend I would be the worst actor in the world."

-Rocco Siffredi

Must like everything you do. If you are bending her over, and flopping dick around like slinky, is no good. Is no nasty! Must come from behind with rage cock, maybe slapping rump with fine grain belt of leather. But must be belt from Italia! Ten dollar Wal-Mart shit-strap fall apart and leave black marks on ass! Advice is not only for sex. For life also.

"A good professional never says no. It's a question of respect."

The only reason would be because of lack of hygiene. Or drugs. This perfect piece of male takes care of his body, taking vitamins, amino acids and proteins and also practices jogging and lifts weights... Intellectually he also takes care of himself: music from Bach and reading from Stendahl."

-Rocco Siffredi

Never do something if drugs or no hygiene. If do it, always respect! And respect body! You can not be perfect piece of male if sit around all day and eat fucking American Cheetos and feeling dick to advertising of Girls Gone Wild! Exercising and doing eat right is the only way for making banal to anal. Bach, yes. Stendahl, yes. Wagner, yes. Derrida, yes. Ahh... they make brain so—nasty!!

As year draw to close people finish things, and many regret things they not do. Rocco no exception. I wanted to make film this year is called Porkin' Dworkin. Is original concept! Andrea Dworkin is American woman who no like porno. She say it bad. She write



"erotica"—but no is nasty! I think she need time alone with just Rocco. I show her the passion in porno. Maybe she sweat, maybe she faint, and she will know true Rocco loving. Only problem is she no agree to do my movie. She no return my call, and my other girls are too gorgeous. And my lawyers say she may be suing for libel if movie ever get made. So no fear Hampshire, even Rocco know disappointment.

Oh, and I almost forget: I make special bonus page. It is end of school, Division finish time. I know you are stressing. So I pose for inspire painting. Look. Here is photo. I pose for two and half hour. Is long time, but I strong and girls having asses like the Ferrari seat leather! And on next page, is painting. So good. So nasty. Finish work, Hampshire, and being nasty!



continued from page 15

## ROSIE'S BEEN THINKING AGAIN

didn't clean the bathroom like he was supposed to.

You will see that the only sane one of the group is Jacob Chabot and that he will most likely be supporting us all.

Yes, folks, these are some of the things that I end up thinking about when I have nothing better to do. It could be much worse. Believe me.

Shameless plug: Don't forget:

April 27th, 3pm, Merrill Quad. Kicking Ass On the Grass 5. All hell's going to break loose and it's not for those with weak stomachs.



## 2002: THE DEATH TOLL RISES

by Michael Benni Pierce, Columnist

**E**ver more quickly than before, our world heroes, icons, role-models, and drug addicts are passing away, leaving us with nothing to believe in except religion. In the past 2 months since I wrote my previous article spotlighting the deaths of cartoonist Chuck Jones and Wendy's entrepreneur Dave Thomas, the trend of celebrity deaths has picked up speed, much to my chagrin. However, I forswore the beginning of this Year of Death, and here, to prove that I'm not wrong, is an update for you, the reader.



### Unpictured Deaths:

Well known as the first television star, Milton "Mr. Television" Berle died of cancer on March 27th, 2002. He was born on July 12, 1908. A good year.

Seen often on *Spenser for Hire* and *Soap*, Robert Ulrich died of synovial cell carcinoma on April 16, 2002. He was born on December 19, 1946.



Star of *10 and Arthur*, Dudley Moore died of pneumonia/progressive supranuclear palsy on March 27, 2002. He was born on April 19, 1935.

### Deaths of 2002



Director of *Some Like It Hot* and *The Lost Weekend*, Billy Wilder died of pneumonia on March 27th, 2002. He was born on June 22, 1906.

March and April have yielded us no relief since the devastation that was January and February, 2002. And if that wasn't bad enough, the year still has 8 MONTHS TO GO! If there were an average of 4 celebrity deaths a month, over 30 celebrities will die before the year is over! It's only going to get worse. So take your favorite actors, signers, directors, and idols, pack them away now so when their time comes, it doesn't hurt so much. In fact, create a small cemetery in your yard with names of your favorite celebrities on small styrofoam gravestones. It'll help. I swear. And I'm never wrong.





continued from last week...

## Theoretical



DAY THREE - WRESTLEMANIA SUNDAY!

The day starts at a brisk 1 PM. After seeing the Axxess lines, I had convinced my compatriots that we should get there no later than 3:30. Of course, that meant waiting in line for two hours with "WWF fans" until the doors opened, but it seemed a small price to pay in order to get inside at a reasonable hour. We make our customary predictions for the betting pool, and up the ante to 1 dollar American and 1 dollar Canadian each. I'm pretty confident in my picks, but sure enough the WWF booking defies the normal realm of logic, and I am unable to rekindle the magic of Vengeance, when I ran the tables to win the pot.

Karl and Jacob go down to watch some of the Toronto St. Patrick's Day parade. We wait. And wait. And wait. Finally Benni tracks them down so we can get going. Karl spent an entire disposable camera on Batman. I'm dressed for the wait, putting on a t-shirt, my Booker T shirt, a sweater, and my jacket. The subway ride over is pretty easy, I buy a token for the ride home too, which would prove to be our salvation. I get the fast food before exiting the station, sadly my food is rendered cold before we even get to the Skydome, as it is bitterly cold out. I am freezing in my multi-layers, so I can only imagine how the fans in full 80's red and yellow hulkmania attire can feel.

Sure enough, the WWF fans do not dissipate, spending the two hour wait starting annoying chants, trying to draw attention to their pathetic little pot-smoking, parent's basement living lives. They are nothing more than marks for themselves, and not even witty ones at that. Okay, enough ranting; at least until we get inside, and the "WWF fans" get some alcohol in them.

5:30 passes, and the "WWF fans" start getting restless, starting such witty chants as "Riiiiiiiiiiiif" and "We want violence" "clap" "clap" "clapclapclap" and of course "Let us in." As Jacob, Karl, and Wade point out (making the wait palatable as they bring the hilarity) That is not a great way to encourage the staff to let you in. Finally the doors open at a bout quarter too, and I ride the rush of people through the doors and right to an empty turnstile, getting right in ahead of everybody. Go me! After the boys go through the turnstiles and pad down we head up to check things out. Still no Kaienlati shirt. Looks like I will have to go online to get one. Our seats are quite high up at the tip of the Skydome, and the gigantic screen is partially obscured by the lighting grid, but we're live at Wrestlemania, baby. We are all sufficiently giddy. I am hungry

once more, having not finished my food (cold French fries and chicken nuggets are quite inedible), so I shell out the four bucks ca. for the Pizza Pizza. I had earlier postulated that Pizza Pizza was probably the Canadian Dominoes, and I am not disappointed.

I had hoped to see a dark match or two, maybe catch Tajiri-I but sadly we just wait until about quarter to eight when they finally bring out a prelim match. My prediction of Test, Lance Storm, and Mr. Perfect vs. Scotty 2 Hotty, Albert, and Rikishi sadly comes true. Damn predictable WWF booking. During my prediction, I said I would take a bathroom break after Mr. Perfect's entrance, sadly, I stay for the whole match.

LANCE STORM/TEST/MR. PERFECT v. SCOTTY 2 HOTTY/ALBERT/RIKISHI

THE GOOD: Mr. Perfect's entrance. I hate being right. THE BAD: Well, they started wrestling. All the guys seemed off. The ring was horribly miked, which would be a trend for the evening. There was a towel in ass comedy spot. The wrestling itself.

THE VERDICT: The babyfaces win with something, I think a Baldo bomb, though I may be off. I hate throwing out star ratings, but for a point of reference, they are okay. My scale is pretty much

DUD- Terrible, unredeeming crap -- \* 1/2  
Bad, quite bad -- \* This is still bad, but watchable -- \* 1/2  
Mediocre -- \* - Average -- \* 1/2 - Above average -- \*\*\*  
Good -- \*\*\* 1/2 - Very Good -- \*\*\*\*  
Excellent match. Usually the threshold for low end match of the year candidates. I tend to be stingy with four star and up matches -- \*\*\*\*  
1/2 - Classic -- \*\*\*\*\*  
Pretty much as close to perfect as you can get in a wrestling ring. I give this rating to only a scant few matches.

As for this match, well, it gets a big ol' DUD

After that abomination, we see the end of HeAl, and the start of the PPV on the monitor, we are stoked, right up until Saliva begins to play...great. NuMetal. Crappy live NuMetal. Luckily the performance is fairly brief, and segues into a nice video package with various WWF stars talking about what Wrestlemania means to them. Usual good package from the WWF production team.

## WRESTLEMANIA: THE SHOW

We cheer like nuts as the PPV kicks off. And we keep it up as the first match begins. It's R-V-D. I point to myself like an idiot, but when in Rome...

This was originally supposed to be Edge v. Regal with the hometown boy going over and getting his IC title back, which you know, would make sense. But after the massive style clash of their last three PPV meetings, the WWF decided to scrap that plan and match Regal up with a wrestler whose style clashes with him even more, after winning the number one contendership in a three-way with Lance Storm and the Big Show. Linear booking, thy name is WWF.

## INTERCONTINENTAL TITLE MATCH- RVD v. REGAL (c)

THE GOOD: Regal hit RVD with an absolutely sick half nelson suplex, folding RVD over completely, allowing him to do the feet over my head landing that he likes so much. It was so nasty, it prompted the Simpsons reference from me. "Stop! Stop! He's already dead." The right man won.

THE BAD: Well, the style clash was terrible. Edge was at least willing to bring the stiffness in his matches with Regal. RVD's forearms were pathetic compared to Regal's. And yes, you can judge stiffness from the 500 level, see my later comments on Taker/Flair. The body of the match was pretty boring, and RVD was pretty subdued, and honestly, all he really has to offer is his highspots.

THE VERDICT: RVD takes the title via 5-star Frog Splash in about six minutes. Not much of an opener, though I guess it served its purpose in getting the crowd riled up. But Regal had a much better match the next night with DDP on RAW, so this has to take \* 1/2 and like it.

They cut to a Christian interview on the giant screen, which means he's up next. He cuts a promo and continues his good work on the mic-I. Despite being saddled with the horrible temper tantrum gimmick. When will the WWF learn from their past? When you do a tag team break-up, push the heel first. Ah well.

Christian comes out to his SWANK-I theme and pyro. I did like it better before they de-bohemian rhapsodized it into the generic rock version. DDP gets some love from us lo, as we make with the BANG! when he comes out. Not a big DDP fan, but he has been delivering lately.

## EUROPEAN TITLE MATCH- CHRISTIAN v. DDP (c)

THE GOOD: Really solid work from both, with some nice reversals, finisher teases and the like. DDP throws a really nice Lyger bomb, not Lyger or Ultimo Dragon level or anything, but still nice. THE BAD: Christian throws a temper tantrum. The match suffers from the usual undercard malady of being about five minutes too short.

THE VERDICT: DDP takes it with the diamond cutter. Forgettable, but enjoyable fare. \*\* 1/2

Rock promo follows, pretty subpar stuff from the People's champ, who seems to be getting booed even on screen, an omen of things to come. Jacob and Wade bring the Rock hate that they are famous for, and I am not disappointed as they try to start up the "Die Rocky Die" chants, but wisely decide to pace themselves and wait until he comes out to bring the full brunt of their wrath.

I had heard that the hardcore title match was supposed to be a four-way, which is what they seemed to be building too, but linear booking has no place in the WWF, so instead, we get...

## HARDCORE TITLE MATCH- GOLDUST v. MAVEN (c)

THE GOOD: Maven's dropkick looks nice. THE BAD: Maven only has one move. Goldust is too gimmicky for Dustin Rhodes to really bring the brawling, which is pretty much the only thing he can do well. The Sports Entertainment™ kicks in after about three minutes.

THE VERDICT: Spike Dudley runs in to pin Maven after a double trash can lid shot. 24/7 rule. Spike runs out followed by Crash, this is leading nowhere good. - DUD

Hey, another live performance on a the biggest wrestling PPV of the year. Drowning Pool, yay. Me and 60,000 others stream to the rest rooms. I get back just as the performance ends. Gee, too bad.

Sure enough, it is time for backstage hardcore madness as Crash has cornered Spike, Al Snow shows up and runs over cardboard boxes, somehow Hurricane Helms gets the pin and the title. You have Hurricane Helms right there and you use him for this crap...brilliant.

## KURT ANGLE v. KANE

THE GOOD: Kurt brings the ubercool debut of the black lights. Kurt always seems to be able to get a good match out of Kane, which is quite impressive, since he is the only one that seems to be able to do it. They just mesh well, and this is no exception. Kane takes the rolling Germans, which is all kinds of crazy, and everything is pretty fluid and smooth, which is rare for a Kane match. Kane pulls the enziguri out of the mofballs, but sadly no huricanrana. Kurt does the cool run up the turnbuckles and toss the guy off spot. THE BAD: The finish was pretty noticeably botched.

THE VERDICT: Kurt with a reverse roll of sorts for the pin in about ten minutes. Fine match. Well done gentlemen. Kane has some limitations that keeps this from being really good, but at the time, this was the match of the night. \*\*\*

Hurricane gets caught in the Ho's dressing room. Hilarity ensues. Guys, when you are stealing gags from Robin Hood: Men in Tights, there is a problem.

WOooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

I am a huge Flair mark, and I was stoked to see him live for the first time, ever. He does not disappoint, bringing the classic Flair sequined robe.

## UNDERTAKER v. RIC FLAIR

THE GOOD: God gawd, this was brutally stiff. Look, Undertaker has always been a limited worker. After oft-numbered surgeries on every area of his legs, he is pretty much a shell of his former self. Flair is the best North American wrestler of his generation, and a legit top five all time for me. But he is fifty three years old, his best years ten years behind him. All these two can really do is bleed, and punch each other right in the face. And god bless them, they do just that. There was absolutely no daylight with any of these punches. Flair blades and we can see the blood from the 500 level seats. I love

a good brawl, and this delivered just that. Flair takes a suplex that by all rights should have killed him. And the Arn Anderson run-in is great, as I must have missed him coming from the crowd or something, as he pops up out of nowhere and hits a textbook Arn spinebuster. Fuck you HHH. He has fused vertebrae, is he crazy? Undertaker punches him right in the face and he bleeds. Arn is such a pro. Horsemen, baby. Whether you like it or not, learn to love it cause it's the best thing going. Woowoo!

As an aside, I have so much respect for both Arn and Flair, so I feel kind of odd, cheering them getting their ass kicked, when they really should be retired and just doing non-wrestling roles. I feel guilty cheering them, knowing that like many wrestlers, they crave that pop from the crowd, it is what keeps them coming back even after they shouldn't. This match really didn't do much for Flair's legacy, and I, I some ways, wish he would stick to his non-wrestling role. But my love of Flair forces me to cheer, despite myself. It's a nasty little cycle.

THE BAD: Well, there weren't really any wrestling moves in this match, which made the transitions kind of awkward. The booking wasn't too logical either. Obviously, Undertaker had to win, but this was really a twenty-minute squash. After Undertaker beat up his best friend and son, it would make sense for him to at least get a measure of revenge. Why didn't Vince run-in here, that would have made sense, but this is the WWF where anything can happen. Blah. Instead Arn and Flair are left laying bloody and Taker rides off. The Flair Flip was blown badly the first time, and Flair looked like he really torched his back. Then they repeated the spot, which is pretty bush league. The ending was supposedly blown, but it looked fine to me. Flair would not go up for the Last Ride, so Taker had to fall back on the Tombstone to get the win.

THE VERDICT: Undertaker with the tombstone piledriver. Good match, too flawed to be great, but really fun, and exceeded all my expectations. Never underestimate Flair's ability to get a good match out of anyone. Match of the night. - \*\*\*

## BOOKER T v. EDGE

THE GOOD: Booker breaks out the Spinarooni. Nice ending sequence. Overall, the match was perfectly acceptable wrestling. THE BAD: The crowd was pretty dead after the Flair match, though they popped for Edge's entrance and victory. There were some awkward spots, and it was five minutes too short, but I am repeating myself.

THE VERDICT: Edge with the Edgecution (Implant DDT). Okay match. I feel bad for Edge though, who really got shafted by the booking from hometown hero wins IC title, to feuding over a shampoo contract. No. Really. - \*\*

More hardcore hilarity, Mighty Molly congratulates Hurricane, then smacks him and wins the title.

## SCOTT HALL v. STONE COLD STEVE AUSTIN

THE GOOD: Hall was game, but there is just nothing left in the tank. THE BAD: Stone Cold didn't want to be out there. Now that I know all of the politics surrounding this match, and Stone Cold's subsequent walkout, it takes on a whole new light. As for the match itself, weak brawling, and a general disjointed feeling kept it from even being average.

THE VERDICT: Austin wins with two stunners. I do feel bad for Austin, but he has to be careful, or Vince will dump him just like he did Bret Hart. This is wrestling, so I refrain from really being morally outraged at anything, but it is a shame that Austin is getting the shaft. The similarities between 2002 WWF and WCW right before it started its descent into oblivion are pretty eerie. - \* 1/2

## WWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP- HARDY BOYZ v. DUDLEY BOYZ v. APA v. BILLY AND CHUCK (c)- ELIMINATION RULES

THE GOOD: Ugh. Not much here to recommend. D-Von does take an insane bump from the top turnbuckle outside through a table which he seems to over shoot and flip rather than breaking through it. There was no 69 spot, which is never a given. THE BAD: Terrible, boring work from everyone. The Hardy's and Dudleys run through the same spots they have for the last two years, Billy and Chuck are gimmicky, and aren't even particularly good outside of the gimmick. Unlike the trend for the non big name matches, about five minutes too long.

THE VERDICT: Dudleys eliminate APA via 3-D. Hardy's eliminate Dudleys via Twist of Fate/Swanton bomb. Billy and Chuck eliminate Hardy's via belts. Just because of the length, this is the worst match of the night. So long and boring, but then again a crowd killing match wasn't the worst thing in the world before the next match. - DUD

Even MORE Hardcore Hilarity as Molly walks into a door and Christian pins her for the hardcore title. As exciting as it sounds.

Well, time for the big one.

## HOLLYWOOD HULK HOGAN v. THE ROCK

THE GOOD: Good word HOGAN WAS THE CROWD

AMPED! Man, as soon as Hogan came out, the place went unglued. Rock almost gets booted out of the building, at least in our section. I couldn't tell at the time if it was a crowd wide thing since I had Wade chanting "Rocky Sucks" in my ear. The ending sequence complete with Hulk up was incredibly well booked. THE BAD: Well, the match. Yeah, it was pretty awful. I mean we all cheered like nuts for Hogan's weak choking and back rakes, but the match was pretty much a mess. The execution of moves was pretty bad. Overall, about what I expected quality wise, but that's not too important in the grand scheme of things.

THE VERDICT: Rock takes it with the People's elbow. Okay, this match was awful. With that said, this was probably my best live wrestling experience ever. The moment was just unreal, bordering on surreal, just to be there live as the



crowd ate up everything that was going on in the ring. This was Hogan/Andre at Wrestlemania III. Maybe not quite at this level, but the match just had this atmosphere that was amazing, just a wall of sound for every little thing. When Hulk kicked out of the Rock Bottom and did his dated hulk up routine, the place went BONZO GONZO. I fully admit I was on my feet cheering the Hulk. I don't hate the Rock like my compatriots, but just something about the recapturing of youth, a more idyllic time, something nostalgic like that. I could put aside Hogan's politicking and self-aggrandizement, and remember an eight year old Hogan mark going crazy as Hogan defeated Sgt. Slaughter at Wrestlemania VII, my first Wrestlemania experience. Yeah, sappy. Whatever, dawg, you gotta love the pro wrestling. - "For pure work. \*\*\*\*\* experience though, all the way.

What, this wasn't the main event? Uh-oh.  
**WWF WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP- TRISH STRATUS v. LITA v. JAZZ (c)**

**THE GOOD:** Pretty good work for a WWF women's match. Nothing was hit particularly crisp, but nothing was horribly botched either. The ending was completely Heymanized, which in this case is a good thing. **THE BAD:** The crowd was deadier than dead. Even the hometown girl Trish gets a pretty anemic pop. Speaking of which, why Edge is the only Torontoan to win tonight is beyond me. The booking should have had Trish go over here. She's not as good a wrestler as Jazz, but when you factor in other stuff, it's a push, and you really should put over Trish here.

**THE VERDICT:** Jazz with a top rope "fisherman's buster" on Lita for the win. Decent women's match. I really have nothing else to add.

**YET EVEN MORE Hardcore Hilarity as** Christian makes it all the way to a taxi cab, but daudies and gets caught with a schoolboy by Maven for the three count. It's the circle of life, folks. Maven escapes in the cab.

Time for the "Main Event"  
**WWF UNDISPUTED CHAMPIONSHIP- HHH v. CHRIS JERICHO (c)**

**THE GOOD:** Well, technically it was a good match, nothing was blown, the psychology of working the leg made sense in the context of the storyline, the leg work itself, while not groundbreaking was well-done, HHH's selling was perfectly acceptable, if occasionally goofy, that said.... **THE BAD:** Dull, plodding match.

This is the main event of Wrestlemania, body part work doesn't work in the WWF anymore. The fans have been conditioned to cheer for signature spots, all the heat for anything the wrestler does arises out of his signature spots. They knew what they were following, they should have gone out there and thrown bombs from the start, unfortunately HHH is so gassed on steroids right now he can't really go at his top speed, which isn't particularly fast to begin with. I won't even get into the piss poor booking that led up to the match, making Jericho an afterthought. I really

thought they would put Jericho over, but silly me, trying to make sense. Then again, this should NOT have been the main event anyway. The crowd was absolutely dead for everything.

**THE VERDICT:** HHH captures the undisputed championship via pedigree. While technically an okay match, it was brought down several notches by the lack of heat and poor planning by Jericho and HHH. It wasn't even that good, and HHH has not had a good match since coming back from rehab, he has been average at best. Still, when you are porking the boss's daughter, who also happens to be the head writer, you can probably count on a long title reign--\*\* ¼

Throw out the ratings though, cause objectivity is no fun when you are there live, and we all agree on the way out that we thoroughly enjoyed the show. Of course, we have to walk with a throng of "WWF fans" who start up their witty chants again. And it's raining when we finally get out of the Skydome. Yay. The crowd slowly (and I mean slowly) shuffles back to the subway and I curse loudly for not taking Benni's car. The parking lot looks just as bad, but at least I wouldn't have to deal with the cold, pelting rain. We all pretty much agree that Flair/Undertaker rocked, Hogan/Rock was an awesome experience, Kane/Angle was really good, and Jericho shouldn't have spent fifteen minutes working the leg.

On the way back, once again "WWF fans" prove they are scum by chanting what, when someone asks if there is a doctor or a nurse around. Someone may have had a heart attack, assholes. Lowest common denominator, meet the pudgy stoner in the nWo I-shirt.

We finally make it to the subway and find that the crowd has evaporated, as they all need to buy tokens, hah! Enjoy the wait, suckers. What? I said enjoy the wait. We cruise right through to the terminal and get on the next train no problem. The Pizza Pizza was quite unfilling, and everyone is hard up for some food. After perusing the various two AM dining options, we conclude there is only one choice. 7-11. I blow a stack of funny looking Canadian money on some breakfast sandwiches, chips, and the oh so healthy looking chicken ceaser pita. Well, better work with the swing coach this week, because I go 0-3. The sandwiches just don't seem to get beyond luke warm, even after a healthy period of time in the hotel microwave. The chips are so not Four Cheese Doritos, the standard by which all cheese flavored snack chips are measured, and the chicken is only chicken in the loosest sense of the word.

Yet I once again avoid the worst dining decision of the group as Jacob tries his luck with the comically bad sour apple slurpee. Now, being a slurpee aficionado myself, I have learned the key to selecting the right slurpee flavor is always pick something that when melts, is a discernable, FDA approved beverage, i.e. Mountain Dew Code Red, or Coke. Because when it melts, you are left with Mountain Dew Code Red or Coke, instead of Blue Raspberry,

Sour Watermelon, or in this case Sour Apple, flavored water. Not to mention the fact that even long before it melts, it probably tastes awful. Jacob can't even finish it, and Karl Moore is left to once again to prove he has a Super Soldier serum-enhanced stomach by finishing it off. Jolly good show, old chap.

The night ends with yet another round of Teletoons Unleashed. I fall asleep before "Quads" and miss out on date rape jokes. I don't feel bad, as I got more than my daily allotment of depravity from the eight hours spent with the "WWF fans."

**DAY FOUR: MONDAY**

Up with the birds for the eleven AM check out time. I am not a happy camper. I am yet again amazed that we are able to get all the bags into Benni's tiny, tiny trunk. I ride bitch for most of the American leg of the drive back. We drive and drive and drive and drive. And then we drive some more. I have the world's worst cinnamon sticks at a rest stop somewhere in Upstate New York. I do my best to get some sleep, but like on the way up, I maybe get an hour, tops.

It starts to snow somewhere around Albany and Benni promptly almost drives off the highway, prompting me to make a joke about Benni's driving ability. He shoots back that if he does crash the car, that I will be the first to die, being that I am in the "death seat." This becomes his greatest regret of the trip, as I believe the exchange that follows goes something like this.

**ME:** You better hope you don't crash the car then, asshole. Cause if I die, I'm going to come back and haunt you in your sleep and make sure that you only have gay sex dreams for the rest of your life.

**JACOB:** Man, you better not answer any doors in your sleep, it's just going to be a pizza delivery guy, and he's not going to have any pizza.

**ME:** No, he'll have pizza, you just won't have any money.

**JACOB:** Right, and then there will be lots of prison sex.

**ME:** Yeah, like "Caged Heat"

**KARL:** Then it'll be When Animals Attack....

...Your Ass!

Karl wins line of the trip right there, but the conversation pretty much proceeds along these lines for the next half hour.

We get back to Hampshire just in time to see RAW and find out that indeed Hogan is getting cheered like it's 1987 and he's coming out to face Andre. Rock is getting booed like it's 1996 and he's the blue chipper again. Crazy, crazy stuff, but Jacob seems quite content, not content enough to keep from booing Rock even on TV, but what can you do?

Until next time, I promise to keep all future articles under 8,000 words.



## HAIKU Yo' MOMMA

In the cold sunset  
 the big black chicken's shadow  
 stretches ten feet long.

If I keep looking  
 at my godawful Div III  
 I'll weep with horror.

Things I wish I had:  
 a job, an apartment, and  
 a complete Div III.

I'm running away  
 to New York City again.  
 Philadelphia?

Haiku sound so odd  
 when read by the Mac OS.  
 Not even read; sung.



## DRINK YOURSELF SILLY WORD SEARCH!

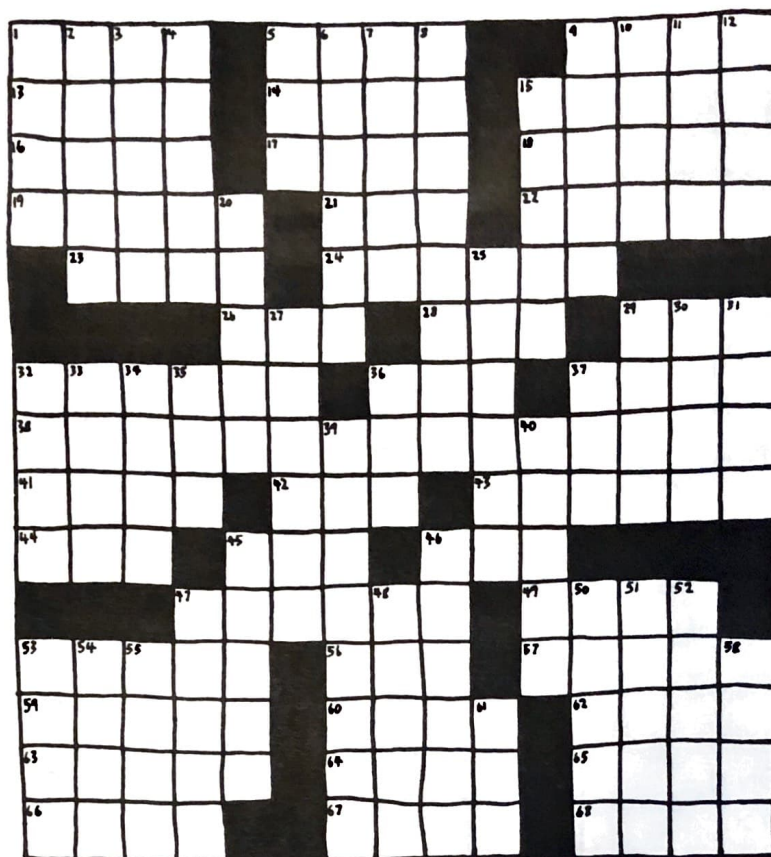
Just find the words below  
 in the grid of letters, forwards,  
 backwards, upwards, downwards,  
 or diagonally. Then spell out the  
 letters Left to Right, downwards,  
 that you didn't use, to Reveal  
 a secret Message. Have fun  
 and don't get Dizzy!

E L A G E R H I G H B A L L S  
 A I A T I R A G R A M H M O H  
 P A C T H G I N L R C C U E O  
 O T N O B R U O B D H T R N T  
 Y K S I H W O L A L H O A G J  
 S C R E W D R I V E R C L A K  
 I O B E E R Q S R M R S C P U  
 M C T C L U A N N O E K O M E  
 A B D T I O C C B N D A H A U  
 L R E R E O O O S A W H O H Q  
 I A I T M R O C N D I L L C I  
 U C R F D Z A I E E N U O Y L  
 Q E O I E Y E M O N E A U R W  
 E R A D A L O C A N I P O R L  
 T L A M S D W H I T E W I N E

Alcohol  
 Ale  
 Amaretto  
 Beer  
 Booze  
 Bourbon  
 Bracer  
 Champagne  
 Cocktail  
 Cordial  
 Daiquiri  
 Gin  
 Hard Lemonade  
 High Ball  
 Jack Daniels  
 Kahlua

Lager  
 Liqueur  
 Malt  
 Margarita  
 Nightcap  
 Pina Colada  
 Red Wine  
 Rum  
 Scotch  
 Screwdriver  
 Shot  
 Southern Comfort  
 Tequila  
 Whisky  
 White Wine  
 Wine Cooler





## ACROSS

- 1 - MUSS
- 5 - A WARF
- 9 - CLUB
- 13 - ANTI - EVERYTHING
- 14 - GO AWOL
- 15 - FLARE
- 16 - SIRE TO SON
- 17 - WHAT SAGA IS
- 18 - LARGE
- 19 - STAG BEANS
- 21 - RUM OR COKE
- 22 - PERSON ASKING
- 23 - EWER WATER HOLDER
- 24 - DEBRIS
- 26 - IT IS
- 28 - EAR
- 29 - GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT
- 32 - A SCHEME
- 36 - PAS D'EN FRANÇAIS
- 37 - Moot Point STATE
- 38 - THE SECRET MESSAGE
- SOLVE THE REST TO  
FIGURE IT OUT!!!
- 41 - WHAT YOU OAR WITH
- 42 - THE RYHEAD WEED
- 43 - FROM AN ANGLE
- 44 - PRE, PREFIX
- 45 - CHURCH PEW
- 46 - ALE
- 47 - DREADLOCKS
- 49 - IT'S ACIDIC

- 53 - THE RATIO
- 56 - A DIP WHO CAN'T  
SOLVE THIS PUZZLE
- 57 - MORE THAN ONE DELI
- 59 - IMAGO
- 60 - AVIS OR HERTZ
- 62 - THE LITE IN BUDLITE
- 63 - SERIF
- 64 - AGES OF YORE
- 65 - QUITE LATE
- 66 - NOT NOT BUT KNOT
- 67 - WHAT STEW DOES
- 68 - AN ODOR'S SMELL

## DOWN

- 1 - CATHOLIC MASS
- 2 - JOIN TOGETHER, UNITE
- 3 - STRAW HAT MATERIAL
- 4 - SIEGE
- 5 - NOT NOW BUT WAS
- 6 - MULTIPLE AWARD
- 7 - ROGUE DESCRIPTOR
- 8 - FLAMBEAU
- 9 - MATH CLASS; FOR EXAMPLE
- 10 - WHAT A LARK!
- 11 - SHE'S GOT THE URGE
- 12 - WHAT COLLEGE STUDENTS  
DRINK AS MUCH AS BEER.
- 20 - EDITOR OF GRIMM TALES
- 25 - LITTLE RASCAL
- 26 - INDIAN TREEPEE
- 29 - GOALEE'S HOME
- 30 - PLAIN AS YOUR NOSE
- 31 - PTSD
- 32 - STOP!
- 33 - A CHARRED SCRAP
- 34 - RIGHT HERE
- 35 - EOS
- 36 - PST!
- 37 - EGG DROP MSG
- 39 - NOW A DAYS...
- 40 - TO KNEAD DOUGH
- 45 - EXPLICIT PROOF
- 46 - WHAT WE DO WITH  
ASPIRATIONS.
- 47 - A SINGLE DIGIT
- 48 - DIVOT
- 50 - A SINGLE CELLO
- 51 - HOMER'S ILIAD
- 52 - DITTO
- 53 - GAME LIKE RISK
- 54 - AMEN.
- 55 - TARO
- 56 - OLD SEER
- 61 - SO SEW.